



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 2.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1883.

NUMBER 37.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Call and examine our IMMENSE stock of goods suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Larger Stock Than Ever Before Displayed.

J. C. PECOR & CO.,
MAYSVILLE, Ky.

J. C. Kackley & Co.

Dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats Caps and Clothing.

Goods always what they are recommended to be. Main Street, Germantown, Ky.



Kendall's Spavin Cure.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain it effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

From Rev. P. N. GRANGER.

Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District.

ST. ALBANS, VT., Jan., 20, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it, cured a horse of lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ring-bone was forming, I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found. Respectfully yours,
P. N. GRANGER.

Perseverance Will Tell.

STROUGHTON, MASS., March 16, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—In justice to you and myself, I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure, one very large one, don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large one off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but it does for all what it has done for me it will be very great.
Respectfully yours,
CHAS. E. PARKER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All mail orders have 10% discount. Get your money's worth by sending to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO. Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. 127d.

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DENTIST.

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Groceries, Hats and Caps

Boots and Shoes, Queensware and Hardware. Highest cash price paid for Grain and Country Produce. jyl5d Mt. OLIVET

WATCHES

—CHANGED TO—

Stem WINDERS.

J. BALLENGER at Albert's China Store adjoining Pearce, Wallingford & Co.'s Bank. apl4md

CHINA, GLASS and QUEENSWARE

—to suit all tastes and purses at—

G. A. MCCARTHEY'S

CHINA DEPOT.

my5dly No. 30, East Second street.

CRAWFORD HOUSE.

Cor. Sixth and Walnut Sts.

CINCINNATI, O

LEWIS VANDER, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

A CAR-LOAD of the celebrated

WEBSTER WAGONS

just received. Call and get one for less money than you ever bought a Wagon. aug2dly MYALL & RILEY.

BULL-DOC CIGARS.

THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR IN

THE MARKET.

—FOR SALE AT—

J. C. Pecor & Co.'s

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Drug Store.

T. LOWRY,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES,

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Wooden ware, Glassware, Notions, &c. Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Cor. Fourth and Plum Streets,

apl2dly

MAYSVILLE, KY.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth Portland, Maine. mar28ly

WHERE AWAY.

O the Lands of Where Away!
Tell us—tell us—where are they?
Through the darkness and the dawn
We have journeyed on and on—
From the cradle to the cross—
From possession unto loss,
Seeking still from day to day
For the Lands of Where Away.

When our baby feet were first
Planted where the daisies burst,
And the greenest grasses grew
In the fields we wandered through,
Still with childish discontent
Ever on and on we went,
Hoping still to pass some day,
O'er the verge of Where Away.

Roses laid their velvet lips
On our own, with fragrant sips,
But their kisses help us not,
But thir sweetness we forgot;
Though the brawls in our track
Plucked at us to hold us back—
"Just ahead," we used to say,
"Lie the Lands of Where Away."

Children at the pasture-bars;
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars,
Waved their hands that we should bide
With them over eventide,
Down the dark their voices failed
Faster, ly as they faded,
And died into yesterday—
Night ahead and—Where Away!
Twining arms about us thrown—
Warm caresses, all our own,
Can but stay us for a spell—
Love has nothing new to tell
To the soul in need supreme,
Aching ever with the dream
Of the endless bliss it may
Find in Lands of Where Away!
—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

How a Woman Vanquished a Burglar.

Early on Tuesday morning Mrs. David Conhaim was aroused from sleep by a burglar's stealthy step. She could hear the burglar moving along on his hands and knees from the dining-room to the bedroom, and at each step something struck the floor which she believed to be either a billy or revolver. In the meantime the burglar had taken all her husband's clothing which had been left on a chair, including a gold watch and chain and sixty dollars in cash, and was stealthily making his way back toward the dining-room door, which opens into a yard. Mrs. Conhaim concluded that the time for action had arrived. She left her bed, walked to a bureau in one corner of the room wherein a loaded revolver was kept, and in doing so must have passed within a few feet of the crouching burglar. After gaining possession of the revolver, she entered the dining room just as the burglar had passed out to the porch, where he was found standing on the step with most of the stolen clothing under one arm and the vest held in his right hand. This brought them within about three feet of each other. The brave lady covered the thief with the weapon and exclaimed:

"Drop the clothes or I will fire!"

The response came in the shape of a blow over the head and face with the vest held in the burglar's hand, he evidently intending to either blind her or knock her down with the weight of the heavy gold watch in the pocket. Luckily, however, the watch flew out of the pocket and, as Mrs. Conhaim threw her hand up to ward off the blow, the chain struck between her fingers, close to the watch. Instantly she closed her hand over the time-piece, gave a jerk backward, which broke the chain, whereupon the burglar, with a fierce oath, threw the vest at her face, unconscious of the fact that the sum of \$60 in currency had been left undisturbed in one of the pockets.

The burglar then started toward Eleventh street, Mrs. Conhaim firing two shots at him, without effect, probably, and following him as closely as possible. When he reached the sidewalk on the latter street he stopped an instant, threw up both hands and dropped all the clothing on the sidewalk. Mrs. Conhaim picking them up and carrying every garment back to the house.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Newspaper Writers.

The complaint has gone forth that the every-day young men of the press, and some of the old ones are "color-blind." They miss in their nightly toil that subtle flavor, that graphic quality, that aroma of description, which is best labeled "color."

While the justice of this complaint is freely admitted by the editorial profession, they claim that outsiders cannot possibly estimate the difficulties which lie in the way of securing news writing of uniform descriptive excellence. The man who can write correctly, concisely, rapidly and graphically, does not multiply himself to any great extent. The first then of these qualities are indispensable in daily, and, indeed, periodical work; the latter is certainly very desirable. But when one has to keep time with his pen to the modulations of the press in the basement while it runs off the first half of the paper, he does not pause very often or long in the hope of drawing "the aroma of description" from the bottom of his ink stand, as it were. There are many men, who, while they even do excellent work, left to their own time and way, notably fail when they attempt to provide music for a press that runs seven nights in the week. The best newspaper style is not formed in a day or year. Supposing a young man, fresh from college, joins the "press gang" of a first-class office. The words of his commencement stage oration are still ringing in his ears and they represent his highest ideals of style. He is eager to produce them in an editorial; for he looks down on mere news-gathering as beneath the high estate of one so learned as himself, and does not always remember that there is no present vacancy in the chair of the managing editor. He would not be human if he failed to work considerable "high-felutin" into the items which he writes. The inexorable blue pencil cuts all of this out, and the youth soon settles down to hard facts and the business of his own department, coming in time to have a horror of florid "newspaper English." Then comes the danger that he will go to the other extreme and his work become devoid of all color, on the same principle that the traditional Yankee, once noted for asking questions while a road, now travels with his lips so closely sealed that the natives have hard work to find out what he is like. But if the beginner has anything in him he will gradually learn his forte and come to weave into his work a color of his own that is all the more acceptable for its originality.

The man who sees a thing well can usually describe it well. Habits of close observation and a well-trained memory make up the foundations of success of all brain-workers. And the journalist who can store up any bit of color he may chance upon, for instant use when it is most needed, is fortunate, indeed. He is like the lawyer who, when he was congratulated on the exceeding appropriateness of a story he had told a jury, replied: "Oh, well, I have been waiting fifteen years for a chance to tell that story." And doubly fortunate is the news chronicler who, seeing and remembering events well, also senses their correct relations to each other.

That the tone of our periodical news-writing is improving, no one will deny. The quality of the men who devote themselves to it is constantly rising, both as regards character and education. The reporter is a growing power, and he will yet come to stand on a par with the best of editors. Indeed he should be able to play the editor at any moment, and not only be allowed but expected to make editorial comments on the events which are occurring in his own field.—Paper World.